

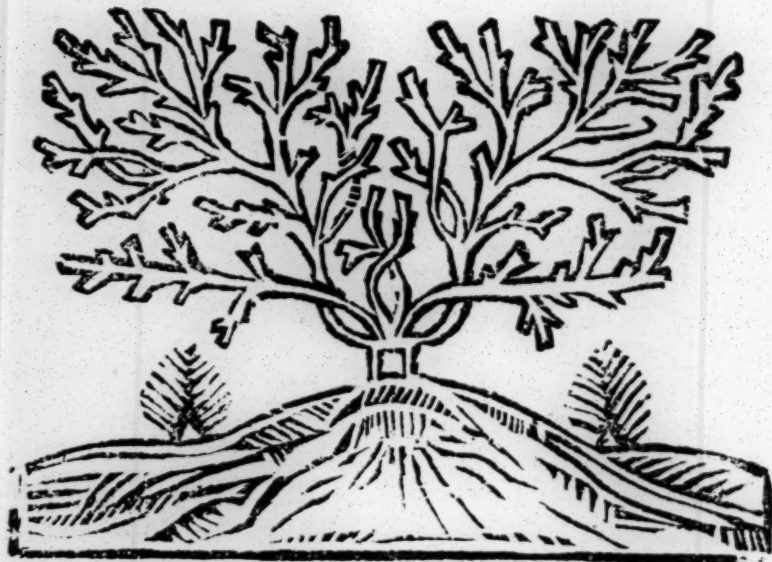
# The musical Shepherdesse, or, Dorinda's lamentation for the loss of Amintas.

Amintas all Arcadia's Glory was,  
A Youth so sweet that all he did surpass.  
But Times all mowing Sitch this flower did cut,  
Fate to his days hath the last period put:

For musick, and for singing, who but he,  
Was fit to help the Gods with harmony?  
His fair Dorinda, seeing he was gone,  
And she poor mournful Damsel left alone,

Invokes the Nymphs to sing his praise,  
Whilst she a Garland weaves, then ends her days,  
Resolving not to stay behind her Love,  
She being deny'd him here, mounts above.

To a pleasant New Tune, called, *Amintas farewel*: or, *Digbys farewel*.



**A** Dieu to the Pleasures and follies of Love,  
For a passion more noble my fancy both move,  
My Shepherd is dead, and I live to proclaim,  
The sorrowful notes of Amintas his name,  
The Wood-Nymphs reply when they hear me complain  
Thou never shalt see thy Amintas again,  
For death hath befriended him,  
Fate hath defended him,  
None, none, alive is so happy a Swain.  
You Shepherds and Nymphs that have dane'd to his lays  
Come help me to sing forth Amintas his praise,  
No Swain for the mickle durst with him dispute,  
So sweet were his notes whilst he sung to his Lute,  
Then come to his Grave and your kindness pursue,  
To weave him a Garland of Cypresses and Pew,  
For life hath forsaken him,  
Death hath e're taken him,  
No Swain again will be ever so true.  
Then leave me alone to my wretched estate  
I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late,  
You echoes and fountains my woes shall prove  
How deeply I sigh for the loss of my Love,  
And now of our Jan whom we chiefly adore  
This labour I never will cease to implore  
That now I may go above,  
And there enjoy my Love,  
And live more happy then ever before.  
But if that old God should my wishes deny,  
My Soul through the clouds to my dearest Hall fly  
So swift that his Deity shall not restrain  
Me from the delights of so happy a Swain,  
The fond visions to Venus so fair.

To secure my flight which I take in the air,  
Surely shall pity take,  
And Lovers happy make,  
For she her self has been caught in Lodes snare.  
How pleasantly did our blest time away creep,  
When Amintas and I did together keep sheep,  
His musick and mine did so sweetly agree,  
When we sat in the vale under a shady tree,  
The pretty Lambs feeding did to us give ear,  
And the dainty young kids liv'd secure from fear,  
But now he is dead and gone,  
And I am left alone,  
In the Spring time of life he concluded the year,  
Now the flocks do lament that their pastor is dead,  
But I more am grieved that Amintas is dead,  
They miss him all day, but I miss him at night,  
To them he gave safety, but to me sweet delight  
All day free from danger of ravenous beast,  
They fed securely, and at night took their rest,  
But I miss him night and day,  
Now he is dead away,  
His lips were to me a continual feast.  
You pretty kind Nymphs that have heard of his name  
I beg your assistance to sound forth his name,  
For if there be any that my Shepherd ne'r knew,  
His picture is drawn and present to their view,  
Though or half so lively the shadow will be,  
Yet I shall still be pleasant some part for to see.  
Apollo's self compel,  
To help me to draw it well,  
And what there is wanting shall be made up time.

His cheeks red and white being free from all pain,  
And his looks so divine you would think him a Saint,  
A language so free, and so pleasant a voice,  
That I thought my self blest when I made him my choice,  
When he sung all the world did admire that song,  
All sopt for to hear him together did throng,  
His body strait and tall,  
With something best of all,  
Which shall be nameless for fear you should long,  
His musick so sweet that it ravish'd each soul,  
All creatures that heard it his loss do condeole,  
But I most of all do lament for my dear,  
Who ne'r can enjoy my self whilst I live here,  
Two hearts once united by Loves lasting bands,  
Can ne'r be divided by death's cruel hands;  
Though he be gone before,  
He has my heart in store,  
Hark, hark, he calls, I obey his commands;  
I come, oh, I come, my Amintas, my love,  
My body I leave here in this pleasant Grove,  
This little sharp knife to my heart I will send,  
To tell it tis time to make haie to its friend;  
Some kind Nymph will bury me when I am dead,  
And that my true soul to my Shepherd is fled;  
Now all the world adieu,  
My dearest I'll pursue,  
This Garland shall crown my Amintas his head!

W. P.

With Allowance.

Printed for J. Hoie next the Rose near Houlbourne Bridge.